

07

XMAS & NEW YEAR ISSUE

1/3



THAT WAS ... DECEMBER

Boy, what a performance!

Apparently we've all got to sit around for the next eighteen months pretending like mad that LBJ is every bit as good as JFK was — a vintage model of the New Frontiersman tuned up for the assassin. Because if we dare breathe one word of criticism, Australia might fall into the too-long-since-of-Saturday-II-Goldwater.

Well, I suppose that catastrophe is worth a lot of kidding. But it's going to be hard to maintain the illusion that Johnson is anything more than a pretty sound career politician — a slight version of that other Roosevelt protégé, Harry S. Truman.

The LBJ-maniacs sounds the kind of pseudo-philosophy upon which lesser men live. And as for Ladybird — Hell, why doesn't she sleep with one of the Beatles?

Insidious Question of the Month. The insidious changes of great intellects changing, even chaotically, down the WHOL letters column last week. The question should have been in primary school: The verbiage (unintentionally) No.

The reporter is plain to see. Pyromania runs build up character, men make men out of boys and sports actresses out of girls. I never scratch away like that really steals the movie, and changing acts, sharpen the mind.

Me? I was born with a Lady's Shaver in my writing hand (no one mistake to make at that age) and was nicknamed "His Nite" for my sentimental prowess.

Only one thing worries me though. Recent studies show that 90 per cent of children using a spin off device was schizophrenic and those with looking pen taken become chronic bed-writers.

THE mystery of the immediate Conception in an old on Christmas itself. Apparently there was only one witness to the great event and they brought his silence by silence him to the influential position of Holy Ghost.

But Hollywood has a way of doing out the most heavenly scenes on earth. This time the crew that made *Swingin' Joe* Elm ("Just before which all the others left off") are making *The Rebirth of Gabriel*, the film that ends where all the others begin!

In sub-title: What The Angel Saw

As well be killed by a sheep. — Last July, you will remember, GE killed Sydney's own Dr Robin McKenzie on "the criminal's friend" for the part he plays in leading criminals home onto society.

However, this month we have to announce that the good doctor has put his match in Perth murderer Eric Edgar Cooke.

Cooke has been sentenced to death over the murder of two people and the attempted murder of two others. Now he's confined to two more alleged murders and nobody knows how many more he'll commit to.

Well, if you've got to go, you've got to go, but prison officials are afraid that if someone doesn't pay him soon they'll lose their whole clientele.

1963 was the year of the company director.

Do you remember the Stein brothers and the International Vindicta Machine crash, Stanley Korman and the Chevrolet collapse, the Red Murray bonds, the Standard Insurance wreck, the Lays scandal? This month we have had, the Duncan double-doubles and Fischer fraud, revelations about "Rams" berries and a reminder of the old "Australian gold bubble" case with the death of Claude de Bernieris.

Meanwhile in Melbourne where the Companies (Public Borrowings) Act is being pushed through to shut the stable door it was revealed that two men in that city sit on more than fifty boards.



of disasters and one sits on 75 of them. There's no doubt, for some people life must be just one mad, gay round of board meetings!

In a study of seventeen nations Dr Stanley A. Rader of Baltimore University, USA, found perfect correlation between cancer of death and reaction to frustration like put it that way.

- If you frustrate an Englishman he will keep a stiff upper lip and develop an ulcer.
- If you frustrate an Italian he will die of angry hypertension.
- If you frustrate an American, he will shoot you, then establish a million-dollar

for all programmes for your relations that he will die of an ulcer.

Australia did not rate a mention among Dr Rader's findings but I think we can safely say:

- If you frustrate an Australian, he will threaten to shoot your head off, then ask you to make it up or old buddies and die of alcoholic poisoning, halfway through the recuperation.

Turn Again, Dromedary Bay. Once upon a time, in a moment of madness, Arthur Augustus Caldwell told a television audience that the Labor Party and chance of electoral success would only come with "the angel of death".

As late as November 1, the angel of death came. And Arthur, in a touching scene, branded only by the political undertones, was dutifully at the deathbed the hour referred to the Archbishop as one of "the two greatest figures the Catholic Church in Australia has known", a rather tartly speak in the eyes for Sydney's Cardinal Gilroy, who was not the other one and may have been remembered that when he was elected cardinal in 1962 the same A. A. Caldwell publicly expressed his protest that the Vatican had passed over "the nation's greatest ecclesiastic" — the venerable Archbishop of Melbourne.

Caldwell, Gilroy, Munn — what a fascinating Roman trinity! But, also, the angel of death brought us Promised Land for over-ager Arthur.

Let's put the K back into Xmas

Do you remember *It's a Wonderful Life*? The Lady Hamilton who cost rather less Wallace her job Nelson but made a clean breast of things and made her fortune from the debt that had been changing them all those years?

Back into the news the hint with a newly observation is revealed in what a worn-hearted creature she really is. 'Fair is strange. Here she is going off to a party with beauty, and famous people and Christmas in it's tail'.

None more serious to public feeling than the film industry. Thus, after the assassination, United Artists withdrew their film "Machete Carnation", about the attempted assassination of the US President by a Communist-investigated attack on the grounds of bad taste.

Nail never fear — the pocket will minister the conscience. As soon as the time is ripe "PT109" will leap back onto the local screens with the kind of publicity guaranteed to make your stomach turn.

I TRUST the British taxpayer is as startled as his Australian counterpart at the prospect of four more Royal addresses (annual attempts) in the new year. After all, it is out of his pocket that the money will come to maintain them for the rest of Queen Victoria's reign.

Still I suppose it's a good idea to run off a few requests while the model is still in vogue.

At Battery cemetery, more than a dozen grave-diggers were dismissed for refusing to work with one digger, who was described as "dangerous".

The man, who work in pairs, claimed that they might be struck with a shovel or the grave-digging might collapse.

Nothing is reported since has brought home to the public more dramatically

the dangerous and heroic work of the grave-digger. All these brave men packing and shovelling about in the bowels of the earth, defying death — either from being killed by an over-enthusiastic shovel or buried in a cave-in — as they attempt to make for death a better place!

Grave diggers ordered!

Tronks, tronks. Already there's an unusually squabble between Jack and the U.S. Government over who will pay the gas bill for the eternal flame. It's not that everybody isn't sorry for Jackie, but the question is how long a strategy? With the Government wary from experience about undertaking long-term commitments, it looks like Uncle Sam will hold the lantern while Jackie shops the wick.

Then in order they enrolled the John Fitzgerald Kennedy Eternal Flame Trust to maintain a little cash standing at the ready with a potential of dimes to put in the gas meter every time the flame flickers.

Mark the Herald's motto may
Gladies to the reform King.

See the Sparky City. The Professor seems to have really put his Oxy in it by refusing to accept the University of Tennessee's offer of \$16,500, plus legal costs.

For those who have never flagged in their support for the American Professor of Philosophy but still were heavily aware of the damage being done to the American education system by the prolongation of the quadrangle, this must be a difficult read.

It is obvious that the University of Tennessee would never take Oxy back, but they have softened their pain sufficiently for most people's liking by conceding, at least partially and certainly under protest, the errors of their ways. Also, no doubt, the resignations were not unwise.

In the unsteady rush to find justice in compromise, Oxy suddenly is out in the cold again, asked to renege the past years of humiliation and any chance of academic over-employment. For \$15,000 With a \$50,000 loss and pending and the university already unhappy at the prospect of defending it, why shouldn't he seek his colours in the justice of the law courts rather than the pitiable justice of academic politicians?

If the University Council is serious in its desire to seek a compromise, and not just trying to buy Vice-Chancellor back out of trouble cheaply, then these same terms will be offered after the Court decision has been made. In the meantime, it might try to arrange some alternative academic rest for the professor, and so end the embarrassment after once and for all.

—ALAN

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Advance Australia Where?

AUSTRALIA, in the current myth runs, is famous for many things, not the least of which is the matriarchal — you know, birds, bees, wallabies, kangaroos and other beasts which bear their young in a pouch. The matriarchal is for the Australian sociologist what the Harbour Bridge is for Mrs. Everidge — a justification of nationality.

That is not to deny that other countries have had their matriarchal in some time or another, but elsewhere the matriarchal was superseded by the patriarchal, a rather more official animal biologist, which then wiped out the matriarchal.

Likewise those quaint thoughts to which we attribute such an interesting low-state evolution, are not peculiar because other races have never passed

through such a primitive stage but merely because most other races have passed beyond this stage. The aboriginal, like the matriarchal — the topic would add "like the Australian white" — represents the strange phenomenon of arrested evolution.

The explanation for all that is simple enough and for once the explanation is not lying but the behind the reality. While not exactly a land of milk and honey, Australia is certainly more hospitable to animal life than most countries. Given the country it has been able to supply the other highly specific needs of its inhabitants and, more importantly, make very few demands upon them. Australia — unlike other countries with more extreme and variable conditions — has put no pressure upon its inhabitants to develop more efficient

ways of living and so being good Australians (1960) from way back, they have allowed evolution to stay dead in its tracks.

In 1788 the white men arrived bringing with him manumission his body men made themselves at home establishing beyond doubt their absolute priority superiority by making into the task of supply out the local (animal and human) with characteristic gusto. In fact, it is not for the early intensive involvement of what strains towards we might never have preserved those biological concepts about which we have now developed so intense a national pride.

But the new settlers brought more than manumission life to this country. They brought with them the lively social awareness and conscience that was to dominate Australian politics in the second half of the nineteenth century. There were the dissidents and agitators of the Old World, bent on establishing in the New an egalitarian society along British or Chinese lines. Under their influence Australia led the world in the enlightenment of its social legislation.

Today all that is passed is easy to regard either as discarded gods or the covering of a child prodigy that burst itself out. The liberalism, individualism, republicanism and reform, of which our fathers boasted, have now become political near-words. The sons, armed with having full-realized their fathers' ideals, have allowed the nationhood that drew Australia to Federation slowly, point out. Where once we were ranked among the most progressive nations of the world, so day we have obtained an unenviable reputation for social backwardness.

At the time in a man who out-Pickwick Pickwick in Ye Old Worldliness. He has Australia sold on a concept of morality and justice which even Britain abandoned several decades back. Its opposition is a party which clings tenaciously to a platform of machines and slogans — a strange conception of colonial progress and half-baked Marxist heresies — more appropriate to the goldfields where they originated than to contemporary Australian society.

From becoming largely to the myth of a pure class society and antagonism as pawns based on the class struggle between "workers" and "intendants" "bosses" a national character has developed which has the familiar racial smell of Britain half a century ago. An ugly mixture of ignorance and arrogance it is cherished to endure in its own neighbourhood just as obviously as it endures Britain to him.

To this is grafted the old British sense for seeing only the things one wants to see. Alarmed we refuse to face the very real danger of our positively accepted attitude to Asia. At home, we defend liberal opinions and liberal opinions on the grounds that they maintain a way of life which we refuse to admit is as immoral and corrupt as those of other countries with far more liberal legislation.

What has happened? Perhaps it is history repeating itself. Life has been

OLDER ANGRIES

OZ is the only magazine in Australia consistently committed to an independent and objective criticism of the Australian scene, mainly (indeed) because we have no vested interest in any part of that scene. However, lest we appear to make the claim, quite unjustifiably, that no one else shares our concern in some of the major phenomena of Australian society today we would refer the reader to two excellent articles that have appeared since our last publication.

■ **Under Old Management** by Geoffrey Davies (Nelson, October 19)

Davies' mission is to lay myth Australia's national existence of youth and vitality. "In teaching picture of an booming from triumph to the same coast to bulldozers another million or two areas of virgin bush."

"Also, how underestimating the truth would be if one were naïf enough to tell it, namely that youth in Australia controls nothing except maybe the marriage phenomenon noted hereafter. This only be spiritual youth is powered by its elders to a maximum of 45 per cent. Australia as a nation is run by old men and is unresponsive to youth needs. "When a man comes, young men are a, inevitable as they are expendable and in spirit, whatever the age of the postmen, who control it, young men have to do the running and the jumping."

He returns to remind of Yeats' reference to 'an old man's waste land' "But the essence of an echo is that it is a later England do not sit together on camouflages or compromise in skills or manner."

Anybody can compile his own private list of grown men (hereafter he aged parents, of government, businessmen, politicians and missionaries where the young are likely to die before they change colour. At the top of Davies' own list is the occupational necessity of the Library Advisory Board (hereafter to readers of July OZ) under the supervision of eighty-one-year-old Kenneth Nixon.

"A sudden sampling produces a fun-

ous slapping from where General Manning will be angry that you and eleven Chancellors of Directors is so old that he does not even let his son in the Australia. When a wealthy director is only eighty this year, The Chancellor of Sydney University will be ninety next year. The Chief Justice of South Australia was eighty last year. The General Manager of the ABC is a purveyor of only three, but he has been in his present position for nearly thirty years. Our young rebels have to be almost old men before they are represented."

Robert, Dwyer and David White are in or past their fifties, all the angry young men, from Nolan to Max Harris, are in their forties."

■ **"She'll Do" Attitude Won't Do** by Owen Harries (first published in "The Australian Scholar", reprinted in Saturday Herald, December 7)

Harries contrasts public life in England and Australia, concluding that the greatest difference is the strength of liberal traditions in the former and its weakness in the latter.

The death penalty, the treatment of homosexuals, censorship, prison reform, racial discrimination — on all such issues English liberalism speaks out strongly and, despite its own complacency about a postwarly establishment with considerable effect.

"Americans do not on the whole feel that there are notable exceptions have fully stated themselves on racism or civil rights. The deplorable treatment of the aboriginal for instance, poses almost without comment and despite recent improvements, the censorship of books is still one of the least enlightened in the Western world."

"She'll do" is a traditional Australianism usually applied in a less than perfect solution of a practical problem; it also seems to apply frequently to the view of social and moral problems. As long as things work more or less well there is not overmuch concern for marginal mistakes and imperfections."

too good to us. Shekford by intention, produced from over-emotion by the same-enthusiasm evidenced from the past, comforted by the much-proclaimed natural pointlessness which we are too busy to realize in its full extent we thus gave to sleep on our feet, as our predecessors did, and allowed the world to evolve on around us without our active participation in that process.

At the present, each nation is too busy going about its business to notice a hiccup, but no doubt one day we will be remembered and misremembered. Perhaps then the world will find us as legends, as we have tended our predecessors and guarded as in a museum pieces depicting the manners and morals of a bygone era. Who knows? By refusing to merge with the times we should have the right to determine our own future.

—B.W.



Did you read where that Bess Tycoon left all those millions to St Vincent's Hospital and other charities?

Funny thing, really. I once doing all that work for charity without ever sitting on the Board of White or any other committees.



Of course, I do my bit by charity by going to all the balls, wine tastings and cocktail parties. But I'm a still my Member One charity. You know—supporting starring artists by sleeping while at the gallery and going to first night.

LETTER FROM EDITORS

THE present issue of OZ is the fifth so far and the final of the new series.

Briefly, *THE STORY SO FAR* is as follows:

On April Fool's Day, 1963, the first issue of OZ appeared. From the start it was billed as a satirical magazine—in the words of RAY CASTLE "more concerned with shooting down per in the sky than flying over the rainbow"—and this image has since been consistently maintained by such diverse sources as "Everybody's", "Vogue", the ABC's "Crane" and MAX HARRIS "Australian Letters".

For the reaction of OFFICIALDOM was that OZ was some kind of apolitical companion of PLAYBOY.

The bureaucratic processes of the Customs Dept and Crown Solicitor's office went into a tailspin. About three months later they resented and protested the editor and printers with memoranda for publishing "an obscene publication, so we OZ No 1".

Meanwhile, circulation had been steadily increasing from 7,000 in April to 8,000 in July (the last issue). On legal advice, however, it was strongly that publication should cease until after the magazine's hearing.

In September all defendants were found guilty, even though the printers were a OZ in good not guilty.

Despite this it was decided to continue publication to allow all the necessary examinations, in which both editors were involved, concluded.

And so — OZ DECEMBER is here.

Well, think you will find that the magazine has not disappointed our vigorous and exacting appearance based our thoughts. Although we remove our reputation for OZ APRIL it should be replaced by those not fortunate enough to obtain copies that it varied much closer to the ideal than subsequent issues.

To those contemplating taking out subscriptions we can honestly say that we are unlikely to end so close again. And with this editor at last released from the burden of examinations we contemplate no stoppages in the future.

The future, of course, depends on the buying public. But we are confident that an increasing Sydney, interstate and even overseas readership guarantees a long lease of life for this publication.

Contributors of articles are in constant demand, but the most practical contribution that can be made to this venture will always be to take out a subscription.

As always, subscription rates are 18/- for six months and £1 for twelve months. Naturally student subscribers will be subsidised by the editor in person, and will receive 1 and 12 issues respectively.

RICHARD NEVILLE

RICHARD WALSH
Co-Editor, OZ Magazine.



But my ultimate strike in charity work was when I presented some of my friends with OZ subscriptions as presents.

Did they think I was very cool? What originality!

And so that, that OZ couldn't even read without charity working like me.

The cost? Only 10/- for six months' subscription and £1 for twelve months, sent to OZ Magazine, 4th floor, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney.

Who's Finger's on the Trigger?

In the colourful pre-war days of the American West, there was a famous method of winning a woman — you fired a gunner. These hairy, ill-mannered, mean-looking cowboys have now been replaced by our police system. Chummy, expensive, but it's definitely just as efficient as any method.

Take OZ, for instance. The first issue inspired everybody, but instead of the editors being nibbled with lead they were armed with a summons. Who pushed the police department into action?

Was it Mrs. Jamboree? Perhaps her hubby straggled home from a hard day at the bank with APRIL OZ in his hat little power. "Something I picked up from the corner of Market and Pitt, dear — a little different from the Dupont, hey, hey?" "Nugget was not armed, so the man the West. Send. Was it the Queen?"

Was it one of the stars from the OZ Social Top 20? "Nope, darling, we've been sent-up in that silly little OZ, with a book, really. . . do we know anyone in the House?"

Was it the other newspaper giant? "Bigger, better, too frank, those boys from the variety are trespassing beyond the subject, shall we bring a word to them?"

Riding the banned wagon

THE August Commonwealth Gazette published the new revised list of banned books. For those who've read everything, may we suggest that there is at least one imaginative gift you have been seeking. To help you in your selection, we give below capsule reviews of a few of the titles that caught our eye. Of course, for obvious reasons, the titles are all that we have read, but they appear to give quite an accurate pointer to the contents. We leave it to your ingenuity to obtain originals to scatter 'neath the Christmas tree.

1. The Great Days of Helen (John Finnis, Longel) A slightly more sophisticated portrait of the typical First Nighter heroine. Helen's female carnal nature will warm the heart of every man and child.

2. The Spanish Mistress; P. Manpower "Anyone for tennis?" asks Manpower,

then proceeds to explain how the joys of a game with the girls are eternally compromised off-court.

3. School Life in Paris (anon., Harbad as De Gaulle's answer to the Wyndham Report) Perhaps the first broad-minded reader will raise an eyebrow or two at their offbeat, Parisian customs which

make Robert High seem like a mama's boy.

4. The Passionate Lady (Alan McClyde) A charming insight into "Tom Brown's Schooldays". Mr McClyde offers this tender-hearted romance between a boy and his headmaster's step — it was love at first fail.

5. Forbidden, Father (Ronald Kaplan, Love and Safety; anon., Head Floozie Darry Glavin) Here's a bright new trippy novel by the moral safety department (and a practical gift for the unsuited). As the title suggests, "Forbidden Father" warns any out-of-control, naive, beguine of the dangers of straying from the beaten trail. "Head Floozie" is a cynical look at the current women's drive.

6. In First Position, Told by a Set of Japanese Nunchucks (anon.) The game, of course, is chess. In its masculine style, nunchucks slaps brutally (via his page) from one checked man to another.

7. The Strip Between New Nation and Civilization (anon.) An old-time favourite at G.P.S. schools, the book is now being rediscovered (theeved by the Profane Actor) by State High School Boys. This sexually-distorted pamphlet will keep teacher absent with modern techniques — you'll love the section on "Sex of the New Age (beginners)".

8. The Strang Life of Robinson Crusoe (Humphrey Richardson) The crude document is based on the unpublished portions of Daniel Defoe's diary. Until the arrival of Miss Friday, the amusements of Mr Crusoe are somewhat predictable. Those who are unimpressed shocked by questions of conception will be reassured by Mr Richardson's objective, though sympathetic, analysis of the difficult subject.

9. Sister's Termination (Rob Devlin) What does a woman do when Alka better fails to lead those every-day asked and pained? Poor Michael resorted to an abortion.

10. Initiation into Mary Mark You can enjoy the delights of Introductory Agricultural College and university initiation ceremonies without the inconvenience of actually having to attend.

11. The Autobiography of a Flea (anon.) A gourmet's guide to the interminable delights of the human flea. Listed are the most edible human fleas, the best-dressed parasites, the latest fashions. An ideal gift for the collector-entomologist-cannibal.

12. The Frigging Countess (S.A.R.) Not recommended for ladies.

13. Unknown Names (Carl Sturdy) A surprising solution to the old riddle of what kept Florence so long in Cresset?

14. A Tale of Noted Deeds (Pamela Angelique) Ever wondered what happened to the money you donated to the "Food-Don't-Hunger" Campaign? The patronage report details the multi-million ways in which the voracious appetites of our brothers were satisfied.

—B.N.

Author as politician

In June, OZ was happy to introduce to its readers, promising author, lobbyist and politician, "Arty" Cahwell, who had just published his second novel, "Australia's Role in Modern Society".

Since then, Arty has renounced his artistic leanings and turned to politics. But even the findings could not dampen the flashes of wit in this genuine Australian character.

And so, from an otherwise dreary political battle, we extract The Best of Author Cahwell:—

"I am much nearer to the final loss in the battle against Communism than the Prime Minister has ever been" (November 18).

"If our armies wanted a five-day run fight they would have to come down the Hume Highway" (November 23).

"I was one of the leaders here for twenty-two years. You know my look. I cannot claim it is handsome. I have no remarkable features. They can't pull the sword over my eyes. All I can say is that I have a rugged kind of grandeur" (November 23).

"The Aswell organisation has the right to say something for the Liberal Party but I do not know why it has to go so far as to publish a photograph showing the Prime Minister as thirty years younger than he is today" (November 26).

"The late Suzanne McCarthy... was only a type alongside Australia's outgoing Prime Minister" (November 28).

"He wants to be able to say to his grandson that the people for a gory-murder" (November 27).

"Have you ever noticed this about Sir Robert Menzies — that he is a great manslayer? Indeed, he is the Eric Blair of Australian politics" (November 29).

"And I will go to Canada, too, and



I will go to New Zealand... The people of Australia will pay for it and they won't have to pay as much as they have for trips by members of the Government, because I am a very simple man and my wants are easily found" (November 28).

"I know the Australian people far better than does Sir Robert Menzies and I move around Australia as much as he moves around Europe" (November 29).

"I walk around Australia alone without any guards" (November 29).

Ad from the FTA "Blaze", 26 Nov., 1971. (Rechercher wishes to tell his interview spring, speakers, little-used double bed, 223 App.)

NAIROBI, Oct. 22 — Kenya's Prime Minister Mr. James Kenyatta, told a political rally: "For more than 40 years I have told the imperialists that we have to rule ourselves, and be released."

"We have struggled with them like a man fighting a lion. Now we have knocked him down, would you like somebody else to come along and tell us our country should be fragmented?"

(Reactions of a correspondent from the *Franklin* Courier quoted Mr. Kenyatta as saying: "I do not have the British flag by the neck and I do not want to lose my hold because other people want to divide Kenya.")

—SMH, Oct. 24

In plain, old-fashioned English there was a complete lackpelt!

On Sunday night, December 28 twenty-year-old Albert Cox, of Rensselaer, died fully clad into the Tasman Sea at Auckland. He dragged a woman out of the surf into the sandbath, applied mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, and other rescue methods, he devised on the spot, but she later died.

By way of reward to Albert for his efforts and faithful service to the community, SMH is pleased to present him with one of a dozen worthless pieces of paper run up by a staff artist and to maintain as testimony by having the Good-guys play this announcement to death every hour every day until another good deed is performed in Sydney.

(Go to it, fellows, what greater incentive do you need?)

Am I too old at 70 to govern Australia?

No. You may be discouraged by rumours that men reach their mental and physical peak at 40 and then decline—but anxiety is no barrier to a political career. Look at these members of the ALP State Cabinet who'll seek reelection in 1964:

The Premier, Mr. Helyar, is 73 and has been an MLA since the depression (an old doggie who doesn't need to learn any new tricks). And here's our old, old friend and Chief Secretary, C. A. Kelly.

So all you spryly octogenarians, pack your crutches, oil your rocking chairs and follow our leaders. After all, age shall not weary Education Minister Withnail (70), nor the young, modern Health Minister Shalston (64)—they shall not grow old, as we they are left pure old.

Quality is determined
how many things fit in the
day's life.



PASSING OF A PRESIDENT

The full story

LPU, Republic of the Americas, Dec. 22: The entire population here is still staggering following the funeral of President Kenney

President Kenney was assassinated a week ago. Three winged robs of tucker tape killed the President when they were dropped from a rooftop in the Presidential palace by 3000 afterwards the President passed away.

The crowd of 780 was stunned.

The late President scorned security, once remarking that he needed security but he needed a hole in his head. He was accompanied by only half the normal complement of 1,500 security officials at the time of his death.

Leadership of the Republic automatically fell to Vice-President L. B. John since minutes after Kenney was killed. He rushed to the Presidential Palace to consult economists, diplomats, interior decorators and other experts.

Impressed while relaxing amongst the Presidential officers, he commented: "This is a national calamity." Later, he announced that the late President typified Lusting Brewery and Justice.

The assassination brought expressions throughout the Republic. Security men scrambling for the assassin, shot up a fire

hosing colored families as outside for the culprit.

The mourning crashed, but recovered when it was realized that Mrs. Kenney did not intend to liquidate her holdings.

The new President addressed the people, saying he loved an enormous time, and playing for goodness. Later he conducted Public Relations reports.

The funeral ceremony was the simplest provided by the Church. Five hundred collected. Details of the ceremony were decided by Mrs. Kenney.

Withering words were heaped on the coffin was borne to the cemetery—the silence broken only by the sound of 29 muted bands, playing with muted drums.

The President was buried in a plot set aside for national heroes. Explaining her move, Mrs. Kenney said, "he would have spoiled it that way."

Mrs. Kenney stated that the President be buried in the same manner as a normal citizen. At the widow's request, a 100 ft. granite column, an eternal flame and a lay pond are to be constructed on the site. The lay pond is to be stocked with goldfish from Ecuador. Then, said Mrs. Kenney, was the late President's funeral goldfish pond.

Millions thronged the Republic and up through the night to watch the television coverage of the widow's recent midnight visit to the grave site.

Congress announced that 29 stars, 28 picks and 17 monuments were to be announced after the late President—53 stars, 25 picks and 12 monuments at the special request of Mrs. Kenney.

President John stated that the late President's memory would live forever as the bookkeeper of history. Mrs. Kenney stated that she was willing but husband's memory. The selected publisher stated that he had been touched.

It is understood that Laster and Love are changing the central character of their musical "Cassiopea".

STOP PRESS: It was announced that the Republic of America is to be renamed the Republic of Kenney. This was at the request of Mrs. Kenney.

—ROBERT WALKER



THISTLE SLE

When you hear *The Queen's Christmas* broadcast every year do you sometimes feel you've heard it all before? So do we.

So we sent *OZ* Man at the Mitchell Library, Dean Litcher, scurrying to the back-files and this is what he found . . .

THE Queen's Christmas messages, those precious jewels sent by the BBC around the world range from 126 words — 1929, the shortest — to about 500. But that winsome Windsor wisdom always comes through.

Of course, in any long-running commercial of 500 words there's bound to be a pretty strong story line. It's just to be a hard sell right from "My husband and I."

Naturally after the continuous market research in the field by all members of the family, we should repeat a consistently-selling message. However, looking back over the past six years, the remarkable feature is just how consistently ratings have remained high, though the message has hardly changed at all.

It's a great tribute to the original team that the broad message has needed only minor modifications over the years.

Here's the basic framework:

1. Thanks for the kind wishes, gifts, etc.
2. Family travel
3. Births and deaths
4. The world is in peril
5. But don't expect the "apocalyptic" (i.e. monetary) just because they're not breaking uplines.
6. Our future lies in the hands of young people and countries (and the stars)
7. We have both and America is launching the atom
8. *OR!* Happy Christmas.

The first section, thanking all Aunt Edna for the incense, bedeckings and painted scenes upon roses — a truly great tribute to "Women's Weekly" and the Town.

Section two (family travel) features, in the vintage year of 1929, "many of us will be travelling to different parts

of the world and hope to see more of you than ever before." The ships, trains, roads, sun and coasts also were due to see Pakistan, East Africa, Nigeria, Cam-

ero and overseas machinery" (1937). The spiritual aspect of the standard of living was a main theme in 1954: "the prophets and dreamers . . . men of



tral America and Queensland respectively. Then came the knock-knocks: "We have no plans for space travel — at the moment."

In the other part, there was usually a short transcript and the report of "graveyard headlines and offerings which scoured the deserts" (1917).

Section three (births and deaths) should be prominent this year with Kennedy's inauguration and Maudie's retirement. Also Churchill, on the one hand, and most of the Royal girls' happy unions, on the other, should provide some selling copy.

Section four (the world is in peril) usually the change comes the "Christmas" context to politics. It is indeed only after reading several messages that one realizes how long the world has been on the brink.

In 1955, "At this critical moment in our history . . . we were in the state of need of 'a special kind of courage' as we live in the 'born world' of 1955."

"Depression and strained relations as well as natural disasters have all helped to produce an atmosphere of tension and uncertainty all over the world" (1960).

"The harsh realities of this troubled world . . . there like stars, stars of wisdom and wisdom . . . the clouds of darkness" (1961).

Herein to God the world situation gets worse every year. But for the solution see section five.

Given this perennial world crisis, what can we do about it? The answer (section five) is obvious to any constitutional monarch with as much power as all: "The trouble is caused by unthinking people who carelessly throw upon popular ideas (monarchy) as if they were

For Whom Jingle Bells

IT is a great mystery why the jingle bells phenomenon never was fit to investigate the mind of Santa Claus.

There has, of course, always been a great interest shown by historians in obtaining by a noted body of the literature of Santa Claus in Greek mythology. It has also been put forward by some erudite critics of English literature that Santa Claus was Shakespeare's play.

There is no longer seriously accepted by western academics. As they so rightly point out, Santa Claus would have been about 15 hundred years old when the first play was written and there are marked indications of the author having been a much younger man.

I have so far taken the liberty of referring to Santa Claus as a man. There are many who will not agree, insisting to point out the jingle bells and red suit. As for the white beard? Well, bearded women are not unknown.

However it is my belief, as a student of Santa Clausology that he is basically a man.

My interest was first aroused when I observed how little boys and girls upon reaching the age of puberty, tended to reject Santa Claus and girls would claim that he did not exist. Obviously a man who had such power over adolescents was worth investigating.

His robes opened in most unusual but regular such pattern. Christmas — wonderful set symbols in themselves

'But what can you give a child that age?'



I G H Y O U

idiot and poet . . . the whole company who challenge and encourage or restrain and give pleasure."

"It is at times of change, disorder and uncertainty that we should cling most strongly to all those principles which we know to be right and good. Christianity, as my friend it, or would like it to be, depends upon a constant striving towards better things" (p. 4, a bigger Commonwealth) (1944)

"We have in our hands a most precious force for good, and one of the only things in this dark world. Let us keep faith with the ideal we know to be right" (1942).

Section we gaze into the future of the Empire in which the two into and very members in the family . . . e.g. Nigeria . . . this great nation must inevitably be the future outside . . . one of the bright spots" (1940)

As well as ideal young countries, we have young idealists and need

their signs, their determination and their service" (1941)

Now we come to Maxwell's personal family . . . "For it is your own family change and grow up. So does our Commonwealth family" (1942) Ah, domesticity, tripping about the Sandringham party

In 1942, the future was in the stars. "The First Man of God followed a new mission man the last one", Tulsar — the curious "amiable" focus of a million eyes", with "five stars scattered" ready to begin a decade succession in the skies

From on to section seven 1943 has been a quiet year for the Commonwealth, now something to a piece in our time. Ah, yes! Young people, young places and old quotes also important . . .

Section eight, reliability, reminds things off with a chunky QED. Happy Christmas. There is a merry host of Voltaire wishes for those familiar but conductors "bearing the warmth and sunshine of their homelands" in "those old tales" (but in a silver sea?) (1942) And, "as the card says, may we all have the angels stay in the company year!" "Peace, Goodwill towards Men"

Good may the Queen

—DEAN LETCHER



Christmas Cheer

THERE'S no doubt about the originality of some of the dolls on the market this Xmas:—

- the Hiroshima doll in those attractive positions
- the Vietnamese Buddhist monk doll, complete with patrol cap
- the David McNicol doll that says, "Yes, Sir Frank"
- the Sir Frank Packer doll that says, "Yes, Bob"
- the Bob Menzies doll that says poetry to Her Majesty
- the Her Majesty doll that says, "Not here, Philip", and "Fit that brandy down, Charles"

There is a current rumour that a large department store in the heart of the city will soon announce plans for a "Second Christmas". They will celebrate the nativity again in June. "Everyone adores Christy," says the store's PR men, "so why not have double the fun by offering a second visit from Santa. Of course we'd have to think of another gimmick to replace the manger and virgin jazz."

Here are some suggested New Year resolutions.

1. Visit the National Hotel
2. Apply for the Chair of Philosophy at University of Tasmania
3. Invent a dance craze
4. Lead a date with Mandy Rice Davies
5. Visit the Royal George and beat up some farmers
6. Subscribe to GZ.

the Toll

—are not the easiest way to a young child's heart. As Golden Rule would say, children are wise but liquor is quicker.

But I suppose the main point is not how you get into a child's bedroom, but what you do when you're there.

I have always been appalled by the blatantly obvious shape of a Christmas stocking. This compels me to ponder: what so dirty Santa Claus on his rounds as to propound the charms of some of us receiving anything at all.

But the big question has not yet been answered: Is Santa Claus cheap?

From a casual observation of his face, especially those twinkling eyes, one would be tempted to say yes. But the evidence does not bear it out and it is known that he keeps just in case people go girls on her boys.

What looks then, does this dirty old man get from wandering around in the dead of night, sliding into children's bedrooms?

Obviously Santa Claus is a voyeur. And don't be misled by the trumpy names of his residents. It is now recognized by competent sociologists that they are simply Stirling parties in drag.

Santa Claus will undoubtedly go down in history as the world's most prolific consumer of aphrodisiacal fruit cake. There little candles left for him by the virgin children of this planet are undoubtedly responsible in no small way, for his peculiar behaviour.

—DELLA



CONGRATULATIONS Some on completing your training course. Before we embark you on the ladder, let's run through the rules just once more.

1. Be careful where you put your hands
2. Always remember to let three kiss four
3. Be careful. If Johnny tells Santa his name, brother and sister, send money to the doll department
4. On hot days wear plenty of Old Spice, and if you've been to a Xmas party the night before don't forget the poppers
5. Some of the ladies are rather excitable, and in the past our Scouts have found waterproof plastic trousers a solution
6. Be specific. If a lad whuppers in your car for a bicycle, tell parents his secret Xmas wish is for a special Cyclops hand-made de-luxa supercycle powered by a Vesta two-stroke, cheap at half the old prices
7. Last but not least. Please do not feed the animals

The ABC of Surfdom

When a summer dipper it does not take the ABC more than three years to master the art for an Australian or its foreigner, so it shouldn't be too long before the news flows through the Top Brass that cricket is now OUT and surfing is KING!

And so, with a slight reshuffling of personnel, we take you out to Bondi Beach where Allan McGilchrist, Charles Fennell and guest-commentator, teenage surf-aholic, "Bitchy" Raes, are ready to bring you their impressions of today's breakers.

"Well, Arthur, here we are back in the sunny, sunbrowned, sun-drenched, sandy Australia and, Arthur, I would venture to say that I think that surfing today has acquired the prestige of other sports, sports which . . ."

"Quite so, Charles, I think I would agree. What is your opinion, Bitchy?"

"Yeh, it's king."

"Well, here comes the first massive roller, frothing roller rolling beachwards. And, yes, he's got it. Like a bearded Adonis poised inside his flimsy belt, like the Colossus of Rhodes as his swaggy deltoids in a winged angel down the foaming crest of a variable T-wave of a wave toward the gleaming golden

single swimming. An impatient dipper that one, oh, Bitchy?"

"Yeh, King."

"I fancy Midge might have played that one a bit differently, Arthur."



"Quite so, Charles. Midge's slow gliding arm action and easy pace on the plank would stand the fellow in good stead while dogging."

"The blue pearl stretches before us with golden, possible Agave bending forward respectfully in the next wall, smooth as glass, rolls with swaggy respect towards the position. With its fine outline and fine movement the first ride is a true outcrop."

"Quite so, Charles."

"Midge off easily turning left in a fine clip, long, free, walks back and looks out very fine . . ."

"Quite so, Charles."

"He's riding just-and-too, making a few-ups and five off to come. Slipping along the wall but caught in clips looking happy."

"Quite so, Charles."

"He's going for broke but it's an off-balance as he makes a short back and looks once. I think it's a reason—no, it's a bodyline dipper or an in-swinging dipper. A transport! And he's wiped

Bugged by the Beatles?



Rinse them with "Beatle-Tox"—it turns sound into static! Just one squirt will destroy Beatle-murders, dis-infect Beatle-outs, warp Beatle-records, singe Beatle-haircuts and keep your home (or party) free of the Beatle Plague.

out and not running along the tubes."

"No, Charles, it's a no-ball and he's been sent off for cheating."

"Quite so, Arthur."

"He's, long."

December Personality

This month OZ introduces as its Personality of the Month, Fred Sparkes, of Peruvia.

Fred suffers from the unfortunate affliction of looking like every Identist picture ever published. He has been picked up for every murder and rape committed in Australia since the Identist was introduced.

Because of the constant demand on him, Fred has had to give up his job and go on to relief. But he has no complaints.

He says police no longer rough him up in the courtroom and are often apologetic for their mistakes.

POSTSCRIPT: Fred tells us that he used to be a murderer and rapist but gave it up when the Identist came in.



Out, Damned Spot!

ONCE upon a time there was the guy who invented the toilet.

He was in his backlot at the time and substituting for the sponge. His legs pained, his spine ached—then all of a sudden he leapt up like a dragon, snarled and whooping out the modified equivalent of "Eureka! I've found it!", revealing his wife, who was holding the pencil to register his thunderous sketch.

"Yeah, yeah," said the wife. But what does it do?"

"Well, it moves things," he said.

"You mean you don't have to push them anymore?" she asked.

"Well, no, you've still got to push."

"You mean you don't gotta push them uphill?"

"No, not exactly."

"Oh, it's super, make some off it, big boy, so what's this big improvement?"

"Well, it's not that you don't have to push but you don't have to push so hard."

"So I buy a horse and I get that all right?"

"Well you don't have to push it downhill."

"That sounds all right. But there's a chance it'll run away from me, maybe?"

"Well, yes, there is that possibility."

"Now listen, big boy. We been married for twenty years, right? I know you like the fun on the palm of my hand, right? So why come the real proven with me when I'm bigger than you already and we live with you willy with one lousy kick already? You reckon you got somepin', well it won't sell. You got a dud on your hands. So get back on the bath before you freeze to death!"

Inventors have always had it tough. Imagining the creature of the cigarette when he first said "Well you got a



piece of weed, you wrap it in paper, put it in your mouth, sit on it and on top and smoke. I dunno what it does but it's progress."

On the inventor of the showergum: as to give his opening spiel. In the words of the Bible, my friends, here is the pleasure of the saints, the friend that dwells closer than a brother. — Or the discoverer of poison ivy trying to persuade his discoverer to take notice and let it grow all up a wall.

But the bloke who invented the handle bathtub has yet to justify him-

self to me for I can still see no earthly use to it.

A bath is basically obscene. It is a denial of dirt, which is another form of growth. To take a bath involves those things as you are, as you begin to become, and as you wish you hadn't and you start to wash it off. But a never-



gets you anywhere. Another fifteen years and you're sloshing around again.

If taking baths was integral we'd spend more time getting dirty, not the policy twenty minutes a day we're used to. Pretty recently when you consider that you'd probably spend using 25 loaves and forty minutes accumulating filth.

A bath, moreover, is an interruption. Consider the crust, who bathes but rarely. Now why is that? Because baths and the arm are not blood-brothers, that's why. When you bath you're shaking layers off yourself that the good Lord saw fit to give to you. If that good Lord had meant us to take baths let me add, we'd've been born with built-in spraying systems, or at least a hairy tongue, like the cat.

Inspiration comes with dirt, because inspiration's a build-up of self-knowledge, like sweat. And when you score it off beneath the pulsing shower, you not only dehydrate yourself, you turn yourself into a more Aesop-like being with one those additions, which make up two indispensables, still clinging to you.

Ancients wash three times a day (they knew almost as many bathhouses as telephone boys) and are the most unimaginative, hopelessly conformist race on earth. Europeans bath once a week and are perhaps the most creative. Romans bath once a month and have technologically advanced a thousand years in the last 43.

Europeans never bath at all, but they've got problems enough already. I mean, they don't take their dicks all at winter either. That could be depressing.

The most creative periods of human history are when nobody takes baths. The Greeks didn't bath, but the Romans did. The Egyptians had to wait for the second flood. In Elizabethan times no-

body took baths. They just kept putting on more make-up.

It is a theory worth considering. So the next time you pass on the toilet of the porcelain, medicine, candles, make thought.

The next thing down the plughole may be Yogi.

—BOB KILLEN

SEE HOW THEY FALL

DO YOU EVER dream about your favorite celebrities? OK, chances are there are our chosen deities of 1981.

1. Nola Delaney actually read the column published under her name by the *Monday Telegraph*, and was so incensed she joined the push.

2. The *El Gordo* guy collected 25M funds robbed a Catholic Orphanage and then fled to Las Vegas.

3. Dave Allen stated he never had anything to do with Eartha, because he "bain bangs, anyway."

4. Reverend Allan Walker, on the verge of suicide, drafted *Exile* but got the Test score on a wrong number.

5. The Stepping Man turned out to be Leslie Richard in drag.

6. Douglas Pratt (a shiny headpiece artist who banned a modest sample of "pop" art from the Gallery) was caught importing concealed copies of *Playboy* magazines.

7. One of the Royal mother-to-be's upstaged the other three by having twins.

8. Len Gordon turned up alive and well with a certified 45% probability for his latest imported artist, world-famous *Antares*.

9. Michael Formica revealed himself as Rockefeller's long lost non-gate-bash, just in time for the Presidential proclamation.

10. Frances Grace lost her crown on one throw at the casino.

11. Mrs. Oswald turned out to be Armenian and was made Queen of the 808.

12. Archbishop Sammons was caught painting political slogans in a Melbourne subway.

Obscene or Absurd?

From the "Libertarian Broadsheet"

ALFRED HARRY is the playwright who set the Theatre of the Absurd revolution rolling in 1955 with his play "Old Joe" which *STAGE* promoted last year. He died in 1958, but the *Callings* and *Photography* has been set up in Paris to popularize his work.

Three stage-theater jokes from the Sydney News Square, who had not consulted the above note as the programme of Sydney University Dramatic Society's *A Service of the Absurd* kept the reviewers off the stage of the Union Theatre at the conclusion of its second night performance on March 29 last. Their mission—and Alfred Harry, author of one of the *Service* items, *Song of Desires*, was, with its gaily theme of insanity and roaring choruses "archaic to you".

Nobody—gaffer and six stagehands—seemed willing or able to assist them in locating Alfred, and a cry of "run for your life, Alf, the cops are coming!" only intensified their belief that a fugitive from justice was near. Frustrated, they lit on Albie, producer of the show.

A dialogue followed, in which one of the great assistants in the history of the theatre fell flat upon some of recently vaunted stunts.

Happiest cop (pointing to his programme): "Get me Alfred Harry!"
Alfie: "If you read your programme you'd not be dead in 1958!"
Happiest cop (archaically): "Oh, Alf, be sure!"

The following day the police let a be known that they would go blind in service to the offence they had none on stage of the song was dropped from future performances of the show.

The fact that there were policemen

at the *Service* Run, and was scheduled for screening that Associated Features, who developed the film, feared that obscenity was on their hands and notified the governors of Law, Order, Truth, Beauty, Justice and Mercy.

Three of the letter attached to the Chief Secretary's Department viewed the film at rehearsal the night before opening, and, as the Chief Secretary subsequently told the *Daily Mirror* (which forbiddingly told its readers "blasted" at what they saw).

Four policemen arrived on the following night 15 minutes before curtain opened with a restraining injunction signed by Christopher Augustine Kelly, Legal Secretary and Minister for Tourist Activities. Prohibition of the film was stated on the injunction to be on the grounds that it depicted "human errors dropping from the sky." Nothing in the scenario suggests that the sky is human, if a casual contraption must be made, God is a far more likely candidate.

Though the injunction restricted *Five* cops, it showed Christopher Augustine Kelly to make his stage debut. The unimpeachable official of his injunction was read rightly in the audience by a member of the cast. It is no doubt Sydney believes that when the *Service* went south only in time for two nights it was awarded the rare privilege of being read to Melbourne audiences in preference to the more ponderous prose of an injunction granted for the occasion by the Commonwealth Film Censor.

A newspaper story of the film's third day history in Sydney had set Melbourne officials in panic and they had dispatched it with urgency to the Commonwealth Censor for a decision in default of their own.

But the words of Alfred Harry had obviously set police minds in Sydney

Sydney, and had taken another month to be delivered to the respective hands of their intended. As well, it transpired that the song was being presented under the *Vagrancy Act*, although the Theatre and Public Health Act (1908) had been invoked to restrain the film, and seemed more appropriate.

The announcement of this particular philosophical camp was at the hands of Mr. Chick Ltd at Newmarket Magistrates' Court on October 31. However, only Detective Sergeant McKenna, the biggest cop of the March 29 run, was permitted to say that the song was obscene in the legal sense of the world ("it is tending to inspire and corrupt"). Mr. O'Keefe (appearing for the defendants) cross-examined: "Did it corrupt you?"

McKenna (laughing): No.
Did it corrupt anyone around you?
I heard someone say.
Did it corrupt anyone around you?
No.

Was there any evidence of a bacchanalian going on?

A what?
Mr. Chick: From Satchar a good O'Keefe: No, except in sight?
McKenna (angrily): No.

The two other policemen following McKenna would only testify that the song was in bad taste, possibly because of an argument for lunch intervened between his evidence and their.

It transpired that the only "complaint" upon which the *Van Sijnd* had acted was from drama critic Frank Harris who had reported in the *Daily Mirror* that the policemen banning the film had missed a "filthy little bedroom song by Harry." Placed in the stand much against his will Mr. Harris refused to say that the song was obscene.

O'Keefe followed up these initial admissions by asking all prosecution witnesses if they had read Spencer's *Famous Quizzes*, Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and the *Book of Samuel*. None of the policemen had read any of these works but Mr. Harris had read them all, including the Bible from cover to cover.

All three cops accepted Mr. O'Keefe's submission that *Old Joe* and *archaic* appeared in each of these works. Mr. Harris agreed that the words appeared in *Spencer*, *Shakespeare* and the Bible he had read (Mr. O'Keefe seemed to say in Court that the Bible he was referring to was the Wyclif translation of 1382, which only a few scholars are likely to have read).

Accordingly, Mr. Chick found that the song was vulgar and it had been but not likely to corrupt people's morals. All of which is probably a triumph for the freedom to be vulgar and in bad taste without being obscene.

To establish that decision cost Albie £50 (that he does not have) in legal costs. A plea of poverty would have incurred a fine amounting to no more than half that amount at the very most.

—CAM PERRY



attached to the Chief Secretary's Department in the wake-up every night who did not initiate action against the song, given evidence to a reviewer, circulating at the time, that the Chief Secretary's Department would not support a *Van Sijnd* proposal to prosecute the song on the grounds that the Department could be made to look foolish.

Already there was evidence in abundance to substantiate that belief. A *Star* cartoon film had been made of a scenario by Pottery, entitled *A Drop*

to brooding that Ministry morning early in July, Albie and Bruce Williams found policemen with microscopes, stung among the milk bottles on their respective doorsteps Williams' remarks that he was with singing an obscene song, Albie's with "singing, shouting, screaming and growling" the song to be sung on a public stage.

The microscopes suggested that prostitution was being latched with microscopes—they had been moved with over a month after the *Service* translated in



Twelvehills Case: Last July Mr Wind SM denounced the charge of standing against water Graham Earl Twelvehills after saying that he found it impossible to accept with any confidence evidence given by detective Warran who was Twelvehills just prior to his arrest and he appeared to be normal, without any lesions and OAS.

However, he was later admitted to hospital with a ruptured liver, two large bruises to the face, one of them two inches across, and bleeding to the arm. He showed that his arm struck several blows by police officers, that he was pushed off a chair and then jumped on continuously by a Detective-Sergeant Smith Case in August, the Minister for

the Interior, Mr Finelli, announced the dismissal of Sergeant Constable Keith Smith. The case involved seven youths who had driven from Canberra to Sydney. They were apprehended by two constables when they were parked outside a garage.

Constable Smith struck at least three of the youths without provocation, shouted abuse at them and ordered them out of town. Constable Harris fired several shots from his pistol into the air as they fled. The youths in the ALP NSW leader.

At the border, Senior Constable Smith stopped the youths' car and again assaulted them of them.

Elkington Case: On December 3, Constable Owen Richard Elkington was recruited to the Police Force with a twelve months' leave on consistory.

The Appeal Bench was told that while on duty at Young on October 13, he had driven Miss X in a reserve car, a police car, while on duty, and had positively understood her. Elkington had been the only police officer on duty at the time and should have been conducting regular patrols of the town.

Elkington was subsequently charged deliberately with misconduct and neglect of duty and with carrying Miss X in a police car to a reserve while on duty, and driving and partly understanding her. Finelli drove Robert Elwood Finelli claimed that on his way to Koolberr Police Station, where he was subsequently charged with car-stopping, police stopped his face, cutting his lip and breaking a tooth. He claimed to have signed a confession only after police had hung him out a window at the police station.

The Reverend B W Gook told the Court that he knew Finelli well as a helper at the church youth club and had no reason to disbelieve him.

In his judgment Mr Darling SM said that he had no reason to believe that police had attempted to obtain an involuntary confession from Finelli. **Drinking Case:** In Melbourne, O'Sullivan, a married man with a 14-month-old baby, was taken to hospital after being in custody for about three hours. He later died from injuries he had received.

Apparently the State of NSW has composed itself to the independence of its Police Force. On November 8 the SMH published one of its most provocative leading articles, "The Making of a NSW Police Twonkies", without riding a nipple on its Latria column.

The final Correspondent made the following points:

- Of the 143 trainees then doing their initial training only eight had their Latriaing Certificate.
- Only 61 per cent of the remainder had their Intermediate Certificate.
- The only educational requirement for entry is a declaration that in which 20 minutes are allowed (even so, fewer than 25 per cent pass it at their first attempt), and a recognition certificate is issued if they succeed on a pass.

Some months ago the training papers made great play of two proposals for a two-level recruitment to the Police Force, which would include some university graduates. Now we hear nothing.

But who cares, so long as we win the Trade?

The report of the Commissioner of Police on the recent bashing allegations was never made public. Subscribers could at no stage obtain a copy of the report.

However, OZ has procured not the final report, but a draft, the typewritten report of a police officer. It is believed a senior police officer edited the report to improve the grammar.

REPORT TO THE POLICE COMMISSIONER, NEW SOUTH WALES,

ON THE ALLEGED BASHING INCIDENT:

William Frederick Johnston (Const. 1st class): On the night of September 23rd, I was at Phillip St station in my home-bashing-teen reply-for-the

Dennis. At around eight o'clock Green brought in a youth indulging in indecent language who was asking all the time for a

Leslie. I hit him first and the lad was looking all surprised and hurt so Green jabbed him. The youth then hit the youth and then Green got the restrained him. I myself punched him several times and over although I can't claim much credit. It

was Green who was really doing him. Then the youths companions started making words, but I cautioned them. The dark sergeant told them to get lost but they

continued left. I got out then just before the response got there.

Signed: *William Frederick Johnston*
(Const. 1st class)
Bill



Social Top Twenty

1. Max Jane Hill and Mr Gordon Douglas.
2. Miss Dick Peckley.
3. Mr Stephen H. Roberts.
4. Miss Kerry Henderson.
5. Miss Caroline Drury.
6. Mr Rupert Scammell.
7. Miss Justine McCarthy.
8. Mr and Mrs Geoff Proctor.
9. Mr Terry Cline.
10. Countess Teleke.
11. Miss Colla Winter-ling.
12. Lady Lloyd-Jones.
13. Mr Denis O'Neill.
14. Mrs Maked.
15. Mr Richard Walker.
16. Mr Richard Hill.
17. Mrs Laisle.
18. Mrs Max Sturges.
19. Miss Sandra Miller.
20. Nola Delymore.

WE were lately looking forward to the outcome of the struggle between the two weddings contending for the title of "Show of the Month." So we were disappointed when one finished (but we don't want to be nasty about that). This left the field clear, so Jane Hill and Gordon Douglas romped to victory. Not that they didn't work hard to make

An authentic survey of Sydney's most popular socialites, compiled by an independent OZ reporter.

Position in the charts is based on a quantitative and qualitative analysis of appearances in the daily press.

their wedding the "biggest and best" of the year. (OZ 1/12/1963.) There was tremendous advance publicity and even Nola played a part by telling Jane Peckley the richest role in perfection. Gordon was content to be witty. (OZ 1/12/1963.) There's no doubt about it: the Hills are a great name in the world of social life. And we are glad to see that young Susan is following in her father's footsteps from the dull way in which she courted the hapless (disgraced) cousin romantically from a "Roses and Juliet window" (OZ 1/12/1963.) If she still says so, then we can anticipate another Bill Spectacular in the near future.

ONCE upon a time the slogan was "Art for art's sake." Nowadays we find that art is a popular social and financial investment. Mrs Peckley is the latest to display the profit that can be got from the palette. And what profit! The opening of her exhibition (semi-abstract) drew into a long hall as frustrated art-lovers waited in disappointment as finding their favourites already snatched up. (Mirror 2/11/1963.) But Mrs P must have been very happy. It's good to see Sydney society fulfilling its cultural obligations and getting financial perks on the side.

KUDOS to vice-chancellor, Stephen H. Roberts, for his recent Confession Capers. We congratulate the quondam clergy for entertaining his social friends at the University's expense. Perhaps that's why there's such a change of whereabouts, no talk when your own house isn't big enough to entertain. Mrs Delymore and the gang are good to know that your education can serve to some purpose.

YET another man struck by Miss Caroline Drury is displaying the signs of being a professional model. To have been hit by the social lightning she has been engaged. Unfortunately this type of publicity stunt has been tried before. During Miss Drury's engagement photo was only a quarter as big as the wedding photo on the next page. (OZ 8/12/1963.) She would do well to remember that there is no room for divided loyalties on the Social Top Twenty.

GEORGE and Heather Proctor had a party to their gorgeous Georgian home (OZ 1/12/1963.) A discreet vetting for the phony, pretentious people who want to go, but are untrained and refreshing gormless.

DISTURBING to see that the social set are overcoming their prejudices against the media. Even Lady Lloyd Jones managed to make up enough "friends" to hold two parties on the same day at a "dignified" Rossmore" (OZ 8/12/1963.) My guess Rossmore might still have been dignified, but we wouldn't like to bet on Lady L-P's condition.

MRS Cline Maked should know that she can carry more of a load too far! The Telegraph (21/11/1963) informs us that to match her outfit she wore "faded royal blue make-up." Was her face red?

A promising young newcomer Richard Hill is well on the way to surpassing Dorian, Leslie and Merv on the Social Top Twenty. His very small party before the Olympic Six Ball marked a humble but promising beginning. (OZ 14/11/1963.) Richard is still a novice and we have yet to see him in the Sunday papers, but he is young and we tip a steady future for him.

YET another local star has been a complete dog on the scene. Miss Susan went off to New York to try her luck. The highlights of her party trip was the "Agony in Paris" Ball that we were surprised to learn that Mrs S had not mingled with the conventional elite but popped up suddenly at the White House. (OZ Sunday) It would have been nice to have kept quiet about her failure. It was utterly disastrous to confide to her "friend" Nola. It was gladly reported in her column. (OZ 1/12/1963.)

IT was chance and Christmas that brought together two lovely young people featured in the Telegraph (12/12/1963.) Pretty Sandra Miller got the goods of her dreams when browsing through city stores. From the rag, way they're going at each other we'd say that there will be one extra for dinner on Christmas day at Grosvenor Park, Rowland. Or is the visiting Mary-Jean Northwick who took a sleep to a ball in order to make the July Social Top Twenty? RDS 30/12/63.

HANDS together for naughty Nola. D. Everywhere she opens her mouth she puts her foot in it. (Any reminder for foot a month disease?) This time she "takes" her but off to those countless numbers who will try anything for the sake of the hand. If Nola is so eager to dull her but why wondering just what those other girls look all.



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